FALSE ALARMS;

OR,

MY COUSIN,

A COMIC OPERA,

IN

IN THREE ACTS.

PERFORMED

At the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane,

On Monday, Jan. 12, 1807.

BY JAMES KENNEY.

LONDON:

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CHARACTERS.

Sir Damon Gayland .... Mr. WROUGHTON.
Edgar Gayland .... Mr. BRAHAM.
Tom Surfeit .... Mr. BANNISTER.
Lieutenant M'Lary .... Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Plod .... Mr. MATTHEWS.
Gabriel .... Mr. PENLEY.
Grinvelt .... Mr. WEWITZER.
Bumper .... Mr. DIGNUM.

Waiters, Servants, &c.

Lady Gayland .... Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Caroline Sedley .... Miss DUNCAN.
Emily .... Mrs. BLAND.
Miss Umbrage .... Miss POPE.
Susan .... Sig. STORACE.

PREFACE.

I SEIZE on the usual opportunity of publication, expressly to make my acknowledgments to the Composers and Performers of "*False Alarms*," for the essential aid it has derived from their exertions in the representation. To those Performers I am especially indebted, who, in accepting characters much beneath their talents, have seemed more mindful of my reputation than of their own.

I do not affect to despise a laudable and honest fame, and should have been glad if the dramatic merits of the following scenes had been better fitted to the test of classical

taste. A production of this nature, however, in which, (now-a-days particularly) the dramatist must sacrifice so largely to his associate artists, cannot be expected to challenge the critic's austerity. As I am, therefore, wholly unprepared to dispute his charges on the present occasion, I can only promise him my endeavours to please him better in future.

In the mean time, I am content that *crowded audiences* have received my Opera with their accustomed indulgence, and that it is likely to share, with other modern productions, its little day of favour and attention.

J. KENNEY.

20th *January*, 1807.

FALSE ALARMS,

&c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.——*An Inn, (a noise of bells.)*

Enter Landlord.

QUINTETTO.

Land.—Hark, hark, how sweet they tingle!
To me a glorious jingle—
And coaches rattling,
Travellers tattling,
All so cleverly mingle.

Enter two Waiters.

Wait.—Hark, hark, again they tingle.
To me a borish jingle—
And coaches rattling,
Travellers tattling,
All so plaguily mingle.

Land.—The noise of wheels
I hear in the entry—
Take to your heels,
And shew in the gentry.

Waiters shew in Emily *and* Caroline, *in travelling dresses.*

Wait.—This way, ladies—walk this way!—
Emi. & *Car.* } Leave us, leave us, friends, I pray.
[*Waiters disperse, bringing in baggage, &c.*
Emi. to Car. } Welcome here, my charming friend,
Welcome to your journey's end.
Car.— Welcome is my journey's end.
Land.— How comely!
1st W.—How charming!
2d W.—So pretty a pair!—
Car.— The blockheads are crazy—observe how they [stare.
All.— Hark! hark!
Land.— How sweet they tingle!
All.— How teazing is this jingle.
Land.— To me a glorious jingle!
Wait.— To us a borish jingle!
All.— And coaches rattling,
Travellers tattling!
{ All so cleverly mingle,
All so borishly mingle,
All so noisily mingle.
[*Exeunt Waiters.*

Land. (to Emily.) You're welcome back from London, Miss.

Emi. Thank you, Mr. Landlord.

Car. But, for the present, you'll pardon our dispensing with your compliments and your company.

Land. Always at your service, Madam, *(going.)*

Emi. Miss Umbrage follows in the stage

coach—when she arrives, let us know.

[*Exit Landlord bowing.*

It was really cruel to leave her behind—my sage monitress, my female Mentor.

Car. Psha! would you have had our dear, wild, fantastic prattle, interrupted by a prim, preaching old maid?

Emi. But then, in a stage coach, her testy dignity will meet with so many shocks.

Car. No matter—I'll soothe her when we meet, never fear.

Emi. Well, now I think 'tis time your friend should inquire, since you say you are not come here to return her visit, what you are come for.

Car. Then, my sweet Emily, 'tis upon a matter of no less importance than to restore a husband to a friend, and chuse one for myself.

Emi. And all this, here?

Car. All this business happens to centre here. The most ardent of my admirers, you must know, is a Lieutenant M'Lary, a rough Irish officer, who it seems has risen from the ranks, and whom I have always treated with coolness from an old prejudice against his country; but the most discerning of my friends have been his warmest advocates. He is now here with his regiment, and here I have resolved to prove the justice of their persuasions.

Emi. And is he your only admirer?

Car. No; a competitor has lately started—a strange creature, called Tom Surfeit, who has one great recommendation to my favour in his good humour; but whether it springs from his heart, or disguises the want of one, I am yet to

discover. But, as he's my neighbour, I can investigate him at any time.

Emi. But how do you mean to proceed?

Car. It will alarm you if I tell you.

Emi. The rest of your plan, then? Who is the husband you are to restore to your friend?

Car. A wicked truant, called Sir Damon Gayland.

Emi. Sir Damon Gayland! the father of my new admirer, Edgar Gayland!

Car. *(with affected consequence.)* The same; therefore if I can promote my friend's interest in the family, it will infinitely increase my satisfaction.

Emi. You are a crazy girl. But, after all, isn't it strange that such a fashionable gentleman as Mr. Gayland should take a fancy to such a simple little creature as I am?

Car. Ah! my love—depend upon it, 'tis that very simplicity that has captivated him.

Emi. Do you think he'll follow me down?

Car. If he didn't—

Emi. It would vex you, I know. Well, I fancy you're right: a light heart should last us our youth, at any rate.

Car. Mine shall last me my life.

Emi. There you may be deceived.

DUET.——EMILY *and* CAROLINE.

Emi. Time steals our joys.—
Car.— He shan't steal mine.
Emi.—Dark is his brow.—
Car.— I'll make it shine.
Roses shall deck his tresses grey,
Dancing shall cheat his sullen way,

Tripping along,
With mirth and song,
I'll merrily welcome every day.
Emi.—Have with you then, let every morrow
Be but a further step from sorrow;
Car.—And, if our mirth can age beguile,
We'll sketch each wrinkle by a smile.
Both.—With roses deck Time's tresses grey,
With dancing cheat his sullen way, &c.

Car. And now to digest my projects.
(A noise without.)

Miss Umbrage (without). Coachman, stop—we shall be overset—Let me out!

Tom Surfeit (without). Are we to be all massacred, you stupid rascal!

(Landlord entering).

Land. Run, run, and assist the lady directly.
(Waiters cross in haste.)

Car. Any accident, Mr. Landlord?

Land. The stage coach, madam, made a jolt in the gateway; and an old lady, in a hurry to get out, has tumbled into the dirt; that's all.
(Exit Landlord.)

Car. An old lady. *(Looks out.)* My dear Emily, Miss Umbrage—and I protest, my lover Tom Surfeit walking over her.—What can bring him here?

Emi. Never mind.—For heaven's sake let us escape.

Car. Why a public lecture from the old lady won't be desirable, certainly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Surfeit.

Surf. The deuce take the careless rascal.—

This it is to travel in a stage-coach! Oh, curse that learned old woman;—the mud has stopped her mouth at last.—Why she has the lungs of a leading counsel.—The guard's horn was a lullaby to her.

Enter Landlord.

Ah!—what my old friend, Ben Bumper, in this concern!

Land. What! Master Surfeit!

Surf. Why you've got up in the world, Ben.

Land. So have you, seemingly, Master Surfeit.—The Turk's Head prospers, I take it.

Surf. Hush! sink the Turk's Head, Ben. My uncle, the old planter, left me all his money—and now I—study the law.

Land. I understand you—to satisfy your friends—an old apology I'm told for doing nothing.—I wish I could study the law.

Surf. (*aside.*) Mustn't tell him its all gone again. Well, and how's your town, here, eh?

Land. And how came you in't, Master Surfeit?

Surf. The weather—London was getting too warm for me.—This time of year one must go somewhere, you know.

Land. I suppose so.—Well, I say Tom—I beg your pardon, Mr. Surfeit.—Do you want a wife now?

Surf. My dear Bumper, the very thing I'm looking for.

Land. Then I can recommend you one.

Surf. What, and plenty of the indispensible?

Land. Yes, yes, an equal match of course.

Surf. Hem!—I don't mind its being exactly equal.

Land. A smart little girl too, and plenty of money. She's now in this house, just arrived from London—the ward of Old Plod, a quondam potatoe merchant. I'll shew you Plod-Lodge—perhaps you can introduce yourself.

Surf. Any where, or to any body. *(Bell rings.)*

Land. Coming—I'll tell you more of her by and by.

Surf. Thank ye.—I say Ben, you needn't mention about my father's keeping the Turk's Head.

Land. Oh!—not a word. [*Exit.*

Surf. Dam'me, this may do—Caroline's a nice girl, but I don't find she has any of the essential. She'll never answer without.

Miss Umbrage, *(without.)*

Miss U. Mind what you're doing, I say.

Surf. Here comes my learned friend.—Now she'll want so much attention again—but I'll annoy her in the newest style, pay her none at all.

Miss Umbrage *enters, (Coachman and Waiter officiously rubbing her cloaths.)*

Miss U. Stand off, I tell you.—Why how you handle me.—Do you take me for one of your brutes? All reverence for genius is at an end. —The celebrated Miss Umbrage has liv'd to be insulted by two green girls, trampled upon by

a coxcomb, and rubbed down like a coach-horse.

Surf. (*Chuckles.*)

Coach. Please, Ma'am, to remember the coachman.

Miss U. Remember you!—I'm sure I shall never forget you.—Go about your business.

Coach. I won't forget you, then, old Lady, I know. [*Exit.*

Surf. Waiter, go and look for my servant.

Wait. Yes, Sir, when this Lady——

Surf. Attend to me, you rascal, directly.—

Wait. I'm going, Sir. [*Exit.*

Miss U. Attend to me!—why that's the wretch that stalked over me, and never offer'd to assist me?—Are there no chairs?—Yes, there's one. (*Goes to take it.*)

Surf. (*Intercepts her as if unconsciously, and seats himself.*) A chair! voluptuous!

Miss U. So this is modern manners.—How must the contemplative mind sigh over the departed gallantry that distinguished the unsophisticated cavaliers of the middle ages.

Surf. (*lolling.*) Can't say, Ma'am—but middle-aged gentlefolks most likely know best.

Miss U. Intolerable bear!—

Enter M'Lary.

M'Lar. It is she!—By St. Patrick, and all his friends,—it's the sweet creature herself.

Surf. (*not looking.*) That's an Irishman.

M'Lar. How the devil did he find that out, now?

Surf. Why, is it M'Lary?

M'Lar. Och! and is it yourself, wid your airs and graces, Mr. Surfeit?—What brought you here, joy?

Surf. A stage-coach! Devilish ingenious instrument of torture. Don't you think so my learned friend?

Miss U. A single coxcomb can always make it so.

M'Lar. Ha! ha! ha!—a mighty neat hit of the old girl.

Surf. Lord!—how can you laugh, M'Lary.

M'Lar. You'll excuse a little botheration from this gentleman, Ma'am.—Its a little practice for him, jewel.—He's meant for the bar.

Miss U. For the bar!—For the tap-room I should judge, by his manners.

M'Lar. Ha! ha!—Another neat hit for Tommy.

Surf. (*aside.*) Why, dam'me, they've the impudence to quiz me.

M'Lar. I perceive, Madam, you're a little queasy with Mr. Tommy, because he hasn't teaz'd you with the troublesome politeness of the old school. But, begging your pardon, that's being a little too hard upon him.—Don't you see he's a buck of the last breed.—It's a maxim now-a-days to attend to no lady or gentleman, but your own sweet self; and upon the reasonable principle, that if we all take care of ourselves, we shall be all taken care of.

Miss U. This Hibernian talks like a rational character. (*Aside.*)—I, Sir, who have studied every mode and figure of expression, can readily see the delicate irony of your remark.

M'Lar. And I, Madam, who have studied

none of them, am always happy to receive a compliment from the fair sex, tho' I don't exactly see the meaning of it.—But I'm forgeting the dear little girl. Do you, Madam, happen to be of the party with that beautiful creature, Caroline Sedley!

Miss U. Miss Sedley!

Surf. (behind.) Caroline Sedley!

M'Lar. Her killing little peepers just now dazzled my weak sight from a first floor window.

Surf. (aside.) The devil they did.

Miss U. So, they are arrived then. Now, my pert Miss shall have a pretty lecture, I promise her. *(Going.)*

M'Lar. Take me with you, Ma'am.—I'm a nate hand at lecturing young ladies.—Will you take my arm?

Miss U. (takes it.) You're exceedingly good.

M'Lar. Devil a word of that. Corney M'Lary will always be old fashioned enough to stick to the petticoat—so come along my old girl, and don't mind Mr. Tommy there. *(Hands her off.)*

Surf. Caroline Sedley here! Damn it, I must keep out of her way then. M'Lary little thinks the mischief I've done him there; but he's welcome to her now; Plod-Lodge is my retreat.

(Gabriel enters nodding to somebody without.)

Gab. Good by, pretty ones, good by,—Here am I, Sir.

Surf. And why didn't you come before, Sir?

Gab. Because you owe me two years' wages; and so I thought that the two pretty girls that amused me on the top of the coach just as much entitled to my attention.

Surf. Why, you little sordid—You shock me, Gaby! I am deceived in you. I thought that in you I'd a gentlemanly creditor.

Gab. Why so I was, like the rest, 'till I found myself a hopeless one.

Surf. But how the devil, now, Gaby, can I have spent five thousand pounds? What have I had for it?

Gab. Not much, certainly. One sailing boat, one curricle, two bits of blood, two dozen of fashionable friends, Gabriel, and Kitty Fleecer.

Surf. Come, that's pretty well, too.

Gab. Of this establishment, your humble servant is now the relic. He begs to offer his resignation, and then, as the Play says,—"leaves not a wreck behind."

Surf. Why, you're not upon the go, Gaby?

Gab. (looking at himself.) Why, yes, I think that's pretty clear. The first year I passed in your service, I was a sleek comely little fellow, filled up and finished at all points—Now I'm nothing but a hint, a mere prospectus of a man. —You were to have made me your Clerk, and taught me the Laws of the Land.

Surf. Well, I made you coxswain to my cutter, and taught you the laws of the water instead. But if you're tir'd of me—go—depart —I'm a ruin'd man—I've no chance of holding up my head again. *(Conceitedly.)*

Gab. Very little, I'm afraid;—therefore only give me my wages with my congé, and I accept of it with resignation.—Here's a receipt for them that I've carried ready in my pocket this fortnight.

Surf. (takes it.) A receipt in full of all de-

mands!—Call at Plod-Lodge to-morrow for the money. *(Walks up the stage.)*

Gab. Say you so, Mr. Tom? Call where I will, I'll haunt you till I get it. In the mean time, Heaven direct me to a better service and a cheap ordinary. [*Exit.*

Surf. Now for my new object—She mayn't cut such a dashing figure in my curricle as Kitty Fleecer,—But she can't cut me so scurvily if it should go to the hammer. A mistress is more stylish to be sure, but if a man can't contrive to keep Mistress Fortune, I find, he'll keep neither mistress nor friend besides.

SONG.

When I came on the world without notice or name,
'Twas my Curricle bore me to fashion and fame;
My keeping a girl would have got me a wife,
And my two spanking Bays introduc'd me to life.—
Then while rattling, and dashing, and splashing all day,
Old women I scar'd with "Get out of the way!"
I'd a nod from all quarters,—was ever at home,—
And St. James's street echo'd with "How d'ye do, Tom?"

But when I was knock'd up, and my horses knock'd down,
Tom Surfeit's disaster soon ran through the town;
Then seeking my friends, my misfortune to smother,
When I look'd at them one way, they all look'd another.
But if rattling, and dashing, and splashing away,
Again I recover, and blaze into day,
How their necks will relax, and their mem'ries come home,
And my ears again ring with their "How d'ye do, Tom?"
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Inn.*

Enter Gabriel *and* Caroline.

Gab. Lord Ma'am—I'm so happy I have met you.

Car. And what may be the reason of your joy, Mr. Gabriel?

Gab. You're such a friendly good-humoured soul. Perhaps you happen to know of a snug vacant place, Miss—

Car. You don't want one, I hope.

Gab. What great man does not want one, Ma'am, that has not got one.

Car. Surely you haven't left Mr. Surfeit?

Gab. Yes, Tommy and I have parted at last.

Car. Why,—I thought with *him*, you were in the road to preferment.

Gab. Very likely—but I would rather not travel there by a dirty road.

Car. You don't mean to libel your master's profession.

Gab. 'Twan't that, Ma'am; he despised the slow returns of half-guinea motions; he has a passion for growing rich extempore.

Car. By what means?

Gab. By sham-pleading in the court of Cupid.

Car. I understand you. And pray what suit has he at present?

Gab. He referr'd me to Plod-Lodge for my wages, if you know of such a place: I apprehend his next practice will be there.

Car. (*half aside.*) Plod-Lodge! attracted

perhaps by Emily's superior fortune—This fellow may be of use in my projects. Gabriel, I'll employ you myself. Wait without.

Gab. Will you? Lucky dog! And if I don't serve you faithfully—

Car. You shall serve me no longer—So get you gone.

Gab. Here's a freak of Fortune!

Car. Mr. Surfeit will give you a character?

Gab. And if he won't, for the service of the fair sex, Gabriel can get a character any where. Now, Mr. Tommy, I defy you. [*Exit.*

Car. This information is seasonable. I fancy the soldier must be my choice at last. Tho', Heaven knows, love will never be the death of me, as it has of many a poor girl before me.

SONG.—Caroline.

The north breeze blew keenly, and deep was the gloom,
The snow-storm had cover'd the plain;
When Eleanor stray'd to her Frederick's tomb,
Ah! ne'er to forsake it again.

For 'ere a faint beam summon'd nature from rest,
Congeal'd were the tears she had wept;
And cold was her cheek, as the marble it press'd,
And still as her lover she slept. *Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room at Sir Damon Gayland's, elegantly furnished: Books, Music, &c.*

Sir Damon *and* Grinvelt *discovered.*

Sir D. You talk nonsense, Grinvelt. Gallantry is the natural refuge of an accomplished mind. How much am I indebted to my love of

travel, for those elegant habits that form the charm of my existence. Fifty! Why at that age most of my countrymen are absolutely inviting wrinkles, dozing over newspapers, and withering in the smoke of their fire-sides.—I am making a beautiful young wife jealous—the torment of her life—robbing her of comfort by day, and repose at night. What a gratification!

Grin. Dat is all fancy—I can be very happy, and I don't rob my wife of her repose at all. I make myself happy vid a comfortable glass—dat is my taste.

Sir D. Here is the lovely incognita's last letter. She has vanquished all her scruples.—When next we meet she runs into my arms.

Grin. Yes, and my lady run out of your heart, and so you lose your dear vife dat love you dearly, for a little, bad, vicked girl.

Sir D. Wicked, Grinvelt! No, 'tis a first affection—Her letters bespeak it. My conversation, my elegant gaiety at Lady Lavish's riveted her for ever—I alone can make her happy.

Grin. Mos better make my lady happy.—Oh! if my vife catch me making somebody happy bod herself—

Sir D. Hush! I see Lady Gayland coming.

Grin. I see my vife coming too.—So, if you please, you shall see me going. [*Exit.*

Sir D. Now for her delightful frowns. (*Seats himself, takes a book and reads.*)

Enter Lady Gayland *and* Susan.

Lady G. So, Sir Damon, your company's becoming extremely scarce.

Sir D. *(reads.)*

"'Tis not that I expect to find
A more devoted, fond, or true one,
With rosier cheek or sweeter mind,—
Enough for me that she's a new one."

Lady G. This indifference from a husband at his years is insupportable.

Susan. Oh! I wish he was my husband!

Sir D. *(affecting surprise.)* Ah, Lady Gayland.—Did you speak?

Lady G. I only observed, Sir Damon, that your company was growing a great rarity.

Sir D. Management, my love—To give it the more value.

Lady G. Or perhaps you find it necessary to give a value to mine.

Sir D. How piquant is that insinuation! *(aside.)* You wrong me, Lady Gayland,—Indeed you wrong me. Nothing I dread so much as growing tedious to you; and I know how many amusements a lady of your accomplishments must have, in which a husband's presence is wholly unnecessary.

Lady G. I have none in which it is unwelcome, Sir,—None, above all, I should desire to conceal from him.

Sir D. *(aside.)* Sweet suspicion!

Lady G. I have no secret correspondent to beguile solitude, and occupy my silent thoughts in your absence.

Sir D. He! he! I'm very glad to hear it, Lady Gayland, and I hope, for your credit and mine, that you never will! La! la! la! &c.

[*Exit, humming a tune.*

Susan. And if I didn't—I'd break my heart, or poison myself outright.

Enter GRINVELT.

Grin. You poison yourself, you little tevil—I should like to see you poison yourself very much.

Susan. And you, ye sot, to connive at your master's shameful practices.

Grin. What shamefaced practice you mean?

Susan. What, why don't you constantly go and watch at the post-office for letters from some good-for-nothing hussey that writes to him.

Grin. Dat hussey is nothing to you, my dear little vife.

Susan. And is it nothing to my mistress, do you think, you German Bear!

Grin. Yaw! Dat is very great pity—Bot my master is very long my master, and I mos be faithful—Ve travel and ve ogle the girl together, in Italy, and France, and Yarmany.

Susan. You ogle de girl—Here's a pretty face to ogle de girl. Come now, Grinvelt, tell me who the creature is, and I'll give you a kiss.

Grin. I see you a horseback top o' de church steeple first.

Susan. Ha! ye—What d'ye want here?

Grin. Hold your loud clack, and den I shall tell you. Dere is yonk man mos speak vid ma lady.

Lady G. With me?

Grin. To yourself alone, my lady, if you shall be at home.

Lady G. Let him come up.

Grin. De yonk man may come in.

Enter GABRIEL *with a portmanteau.*

Gab. I have the honor to present this letter to your ladyship, and to wait for your ladyship's commands.

[*Lady G. reads aside.*

Gab. Come, I hav'n't been long out of employment. *(To Susan.)*—This portmanteau, my love, I commit to you.—Ah!—why its my little Susan!

Susan. Sure!—why its Mr. Gabriel!

Grin. *(aside.)* And who de devil is dat Mr. Gabriel?

Gab. I'm very glad to see you, Susan.—And how have you been all this while, eh?—

Susan. Pretty well, thank ye, Mr. Gabriel.

Gab. Not married yet, I hope.

Susan. At your service.

Grin. No, Sair—no more at your service if you please.

Susan. My spouse, Mr. Grinvelt. *(intruducing.)*

Gab. Sir, I'm very proud of your acquaintance. [*They talk apart.*

Lady G. Susan, this is a letter from an old school-fellow, who tells me she comes to do me a most important service, one in which my happiness is materially concerned; and she desires to see me immediately, without Sir Damon's knowledge.

Susan. Send for her, then, now, Madam, before he returns from his walk.

Lady G. I will; my curiosity will bear no suspense.

Susan. Nor mine, I'm sure, Ma'am.

Lady G. You shall be my messenger, then.—Get Grinvelt away, and I will write a reply immediately.

Susan. I will, Ma'am.

Grin. *(to Gabriel.)* You are very hearty cock, and I like you very mosh.

Susan (to Gab.) Take him to the public-house.

Grin. Vat you visper de yonk man?

Gab. She thinks that you and I should go and take a glass to our better acquaintance.

Grin. Vid all my heart. She very seldom say soch reasonable ting.

Gab. (*winks at Susan.*) Come along then. Give me your hand, Grinvelt.

Grin. Yes, I give you my hand.—Bot I shall thank you if you sha'n't cock your eye at my vife.

Gab. My dear Sir, your wife and I are old acquaintance.

Grin. Ah! yes.—You very fine fellow—but——

Gab. But, come along—and stop your mouth.

[*Exeunt Gabriel and Grinvelt.*

Lady G. (*gives an answer.*) There, Susan, take it to her at the inn immediately, and bring her back with you.

Susan. I will Ma'am—But in the mean time, pray think of some revenge against my master. Break his heart, if you can, Ma'am, pray do.—It will be such a relief to you.

Lady G. That would be but a poor consolation.

Susan. I beg your pardon, Ma'am, next to the pleasure of pleasing I know of none greater than that of teazing.

SONG.—SUSAN.

To hear a tender lover sigh,
I own is mighty well,
And swear, poor man, he'll surely die,
Unless his woes you heal.
How sweet it is such swains to hear,
And sweet it is to please 'em;
But when their raptures disappear,
As charming 'tis to teaze 'em.
When Grinvelt woo'd his little wife,
And talk'd so wond'rous fine,
To be the comfort of his life,
Was all my heart's design.
But when he found his joy at hand,
And I no more could please him,
I quickly made him understand
'Twas just as sweet to teaze him.

[*Exit Susan.*

Lady G. Ah! I can feel no pleasure but in the affection of a husband, and, when once lost, I fear it can scarcely be restored.

Re-enter SUSAN.

Susan. Oh dear! here comes the lady herself, Ma'am.

Enter CAROLINE.

Car. My dearest Angelina.

Lady G. My dear Sedley, I am overjoyed to see you. How long since we have met!

Car. And how singular at last the occasion of our meeting!

Lady G. Explain it, my dear friend, I'm dying to hear it.

Car. I have not yet given you joy on the change of your condition.

Lady G. Ah! you cannot give it, I assure you, where it is more wanted.

Car. I know it, my dear friend.—Sir Damon is faithless, and I, Caroline Sedley, am the cause of it.

Lady G. You! Is it possible?

Susan. Well, come, nobody can blame his taste at any rate.

Car. I beg your pardon, Susan; for tho' I am at present the object of his devotion, my figure he has never seen.

Lady G. Not seen!

Car. You shall hear all. We met by accident a few months ago, at a private masquerade, given by Lady Lavish. He singled me out, haunted me, and made me the most passionate protestations. My old propensity to a frolic induced me to listen to him, and consent we should correspond. On exchanging names, mine of course a feigned one, what was my surprise, to find I had been flirting with the very man who had recently become the husband of my old friend and school-fellow, Angelina Lovel.

Susan. (aside.) Why, was there ever such an old fool!

Lady G. And still you proceeded?

Car. It was hazardous, it was wrong, I own; but I was curious to discover if he could be really unfaithful to so much merit. The event, I find, you know, and I see you are displeased.

But will you pardon me if I restore him to you, never to offend again?

Lady G. Ah! Caroline—When the heart is once alienated—

Car. The heart! Can you think I possess that?

Lady G. Can you doubt it?

Car. O! yes; for I have learnt already to distinguish between the gallantry of passion and of foppery.—Vanity, my dear Lady Gayland, is the source of Sir Damon's amours, depend upon it, as the style of these letters will convince you, *(gives letters.)*

Lady G. So many!

Car. Read them at your leisure—Now hear my plan.

Lady G. I am anxious to know it.

Car. I have procured a letter of introduction from Lady Lavish in favour of Captain Bronze, a young officer, joining his regiment in this town, which Captain Bronze, by the help of Susan, and that portmanteau, I represent.—I make free with his house, coquet with his wife, and seduce her affections. He is alarmed, and reproaches you—you retort—disclose his secret attachment, and the lady is found to be my Cousin

Lady G. Your Cousin.

Car. My Cousin!—I demand vengeance—you a separation—the event will be the proof of his affection, and, my life on't, the cure of his folly.

Lady G. It may be; but the means are so strange—so extraordinary—

Susan. Lord, Ma'am! I'm sure they're very

nice means.—It's the cause of the whole sex, and, in the name of us all, I demand vengeance.

Car. There, you can't possibly resist that appeal.

Lady G. Certainly not. Therefore have with you. You shall e'en have your way.

Car. That's bravely said. I have relied on your consent: and my attendant, a shrewd fellow, who has luckily just fallen in my way, has ample instructions to assist it.

SIR DAMON *(without.)*

Sir D. Grinvelt! where is my rascal?

Susan. Here's my master return'd.

Car. Then there's no time to lose. Where shall I change my dress?

Lady G. In that apartment. The key is on the inside.

Car. Come then, Susan.—Here's the letter of introduction. You have opened it in his absence, and I am reposing after my journey.—Away with your sighs.—The very sight of me as given you spirits.

Lady G. I shall observe.

[*Exeunt Caroline and Susan.*

SIR DAMON (*entering.*)

Sir D. Why, where can this fellow be?—Ah! there she is again. Now for a little more of her sweet reproachful gravity.

Lady G. (*with animation, not noticing Sir Damon.*) Well, he's certainly a charming fellow.

Sir D. There—I'm certainly a charming fellow—always thinking of me.

Lady G. *(as before.)* Such an engaging, accomplished creature.

Sir D. There—I'm such an engaging, accomplished creature. - Not quite so melancholy as one could wish, though.

Lady G. Oh! Captain Bronze! Captain Bronze!

Sir D. *(surprised)*. Captain who! Zounds, then I'm not the charming fellow.

Lady G. Oh! Sir Damon. Did you speak?

Sir D. You did, Madam, I heard.

Lady G. Yes—ye—es, I was speaking of a gentleman.

Sir D. Yes, I heard you were speaking of a gentleman.

Lady G. Yes, of a gentleman that is at present our guest.

Sir G. Our guest, Ma'am!

Lady G. Lady Lavish introduces him by this letter *(gives it.)*

Sir D. Lady Lavish!—What is this! (*Reads*) Um—Um—" Introduce to your acquaintance Captain Bronze."—A plaguy suspicious name. —And pray, Madam, where is this gentleman?

Lady G. He's only retired to the next room, to repose and refresh himself.

Sir D. Repose and refresh himself!—Why, surely he doesn't mean to make this his head-quarters?

Lady G. Oh! yes—He says he feels himself bound to pay us that compliment.

Sir D. Compliment!—The devil take such compliments!

Lady G. I dare say we shall find him very agreeable.

Sir D. Oh! I dare say.—You have found him so, already, it seems.

Lady G. Why surely, Sir Damon, you are not jealous.

Sir D. (*aside*) Jealous! Zounds!—If she gets that into her head.—Jealous!—No, Madam, that's a weakness, I hope——Who should I be jealous of?

Lady G. Certainly—I beg your pardon; but really, lately, I have quite forgotten I was your wife.

Sir D. Have you! I'll be much oblig'd to you if you'll endeavour to recollect it for the future.

Enter SUSAN, (*calling.*)

Susan. Gabriel! Gabriel! Where can the man be?

Sir D. Gabriel! Who the plague is Gabriel?

Lady G. Only the valet, I imagine, of the young officer.

Susan. Oh, madam, madam! What a charming man he is! So handsome, so graceful, so gay, so frolicksome! Oh! he's a dangerous man for us all!

Sir D. (*aside.*) Upon my soul, I begin to think so.

Susan. He said such a heap of pretty things to me.—

Sir D. Aye, that makes him so charming, I suppose.

Susan. No, indeed, Sir, no such thing—for all his pretty things were not said of me, Sir—a

good many of them were meant for my mistress.

Lady G. (*eagerly.*) For me? And what did he say of me, Susan?

Sir D. I beg, ladies, you'll spare me the hearing of any such intelligence.

Susan. Oh! he said nothing against you, Sir, —quite the contrary—He said he applauded your taste—to be sure my mistress wasn't quite a woman of the world, but then, he said, *he'd* soon enlighten you, Ma'am.

Sir D. (*aside.*) The devil he will!

Susan. Such an angel, I'm sure, says he, would make me superlatively happy.

Lady G. Did he really say so?

Sir D. (*affecting ease.*) Pooh! pooh! you don't think he meant so..

Susan. And why not, Sir? Some folks, much more maturer than him, fall in love with other folks they've hardly had a glimpse of.

Sir D. (*embarrassed.*) Curse her!—If that German rascal should have blabbed now.—

Susan. Love comes all of a sudden upon one, one don't know how—It's what you call sympathy like, isn't it, Sir?

Sir D. You're what I call an impertinent hussey.

(CAROLINE *calls without.*)

Car. Gabriel! Gabriel!

(*Bell rings violently.*)

Sir D. What's all that noise?

Susan. Its only the little captain. He's in a passion.

4 (*Bell rings again.*)

Sir D. Why so I should think. He makes himself at home, however.

Susan. That he does. Lord! when he threw off his travelling dress, not finding his portmanteau at hand—Well, says he, a soldier is never at a loss. My host won't mind my using his dressing gown—and then on he puts it, Sir. Ha! ha! ha!

Lady G. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir D. (*aside.*) Damn it! I mustn't seem to mind it. Ha! ha! ha! Very pleasant indeed!

Lady G. What a diverting creature. Ha! ha! ha!

(CAROLINE *calls and rings again.*)

Sir D. Curse him! there he goes again.

Lady G. Go and see, Susan, what he wants.

Sir D. Wants! He wants the house about his ears, I should think.

Susan. Oh! here he comes.

Enter CAROLINE, *in a dressing gown, pantaloons and slippers.*

Car. Why, where is this confounded fellow? Madam, I beg ten thousand pardons. You see what the negligence of my rascal has reduced me to.—Ah! the husband of my fair hostess, no doubt.

Sir D. At your service, Sir.

Car. Sir Damon, I am happy to be acquainted with you. You, I know, will excuse the freedom of this deshabille. With each other, you know, we are not so punctilious.

Sir D. Oh! dear, Sir, I beg you wou'dn't—

Susan. Oh! dear, Sir Damon don't mind it.

Sir D. I wish you'd mind your business.

Car. To Lady Gayland I owe a thousand apologies.

Lady G. Oh! Sir, the sentiments you have inspired are too favourable to give you cause for any apprehensions of my displeasure. We shall certainly do all in our power to make your stay here agreeable. (Caroline *bows flirtingly.*)

Sir D. (aside.) So, what between the mistress and maid, I'm likely to cut a respectable figure in my own house.

Car. I hope, Madam, all ceremony and constraint may be banish'd our circle. Let us be what Nature has made us—'Tis your only good-breeding after all. Gaiety, Sir Damon, is my forte,—a quality, which if I did not naturally possess, the sight of you could not fail to inspire.

Sir D. (aside.) I wish I could say the same of you.—Sir, I am highly sensible——

Car. Exactly—I'll spare your compliments, and consider myself at home. You and I that have travelled, Sir Damon, can make ourselves at home every where. Ta, ra, ra, &c.

(*Dances about.*)

Sir D. (aside.) I wish you were at home at Jerusalem, with all my soul.

Car. Ha! Music! A harp—An instrument I adore. Would you favour me with an air, Madam?

Lady G. With much pleasure, Sir.

Susan. Oh! certainly, with much pleasure, Sir.

Sir D. Will you hold your tongue?

Car. (*to Sir D.*) Music is my delight, Sir Damon.

Sir D. It has its charms, Sir.

Car. (*familiarly.*) I say, Sir Damon, to see a fine woman, languishing in a soft cadence,—her fair hand gracefully sweeping the wires,—waking every tender emotion—Eh! Sir Damon?

Sir D. (*drily.*) Well, Sir, what then?

Car. Your wife's a prodigious fine woman.

Sir D. (*bows and takes snuff.*)

Car. How is your snuff? (*takes a pinch.*)

Sir D. (*aside.*) Damn'd coxcomb!

Lady G. (*Sounds the harp.*)

Car. (*to Sir D.*) Hush!

Susan. Hush!

(Caroline *sits near* Lady Gayland, *and looks at her with languishing tenderness.*)

AIR.—Lady Gayland.

A swain to his love went a wooing—
Says he,—my dear, what are you doing?
I'm gathering roses,
To make pretty posies,
And the sweetest I'll gather for thee, love—
The sweetest I'll gather for thee,
Says she.

The shepherd her favour pursuing,
Went hopefully on with his wooing,
If, dearest, I chuse one,
I'll take pretty Susan,
The sweetest of roses to me, love—
The sweetest of roses to me,
Says he.

'Says Sue, then, her favour renewing,
'What signifies any more wooing?
'Foul, or fair weather,
'We'll blossom together,
'And two pretty sprigs we shall be, love—
'Two pretty sprigs we shall be,
Says she.'

Car. Exquisite!—Seducing!—You must be enchanted, Sir Damon.

Sir D. Why, Sir, habit—

Susan. Yes, Sir, Sir Damon hears it often.

Sir D. I wish you would never let me hear you.

Car. A thousand thanks, Madam! I'm extremely sorry to leave you—but, really, the indecorum of my appearance.——You'll excuse me, Sir Damon.

Sir D. Undoubtedly, Sir.

Car. Ta, ra, ra.—We shall soon meet again. While our regiment's here, I shall make it a point to be with you.

Sir D. Pray don't incommode yourself in that respect.

Car. It will be a pleasure to me, I assure you. I've ordered all my baggage here.—Oh! here it is.—This way, Gabriel.

Susan. This way, Mr. Gabriel.

(*Gabriel and Porter convey baggage across the stage*)

Car. Now, Sir Damon, I shall be enabled to appear in better trim.

GRINVELT *enters drunk,—a horseman's helmet and sabre on,—and carrying a portmanteau.*

Grin. Yaw, now you mos appear in better trim.

Sir D. Why, who the devil is this?

Car. Oh! it's your servant Sir Damon; he has been assisting mine in bringing my luggage. Thank ye, my brave fellow.—Bring them away, Susan.

Sir D. (*aside*) Why, the puppy's corrupting my whole establishment.

Susan (stripping off his helmet, &c.) Ah! you brute!—you've been getting drunk with your filthy brandy again.

Grin. I bless my star, I can get dronk vid any ting. Now I mos go and help the gentleman's toilet.

Susan. You!—Pretty valet de chambre!—No, I'll take care of him.—Come, Sir.

Grin. You take care!

Car. Adieu, Madam. Au revoir, Sir Damon.

[*Exit Caroline, followed by Susan, who shuts the door in Grinvelt's face.*

Sir D. Au revoir! I wish I may never set eyes on you again.

Grin. Te devil!—My vife go and dress de yonk officer.—Ven he come out, I mos ask for satisfaction.

Lady G. Well, Sir Damon, what do you think of him?

Sir D. Why I don't know—rather unsteady, I think.

Grin. Yaw—and tat is a devil of a ting, ven a man is rather unsteady. [*Exit, staggering.*

Sir D. Zounds! I must talk to her—its impossible to overlook it!—If you please, Madam, I'll beg the favour of a few minutes conversation with you in your own apartment.

Lady G. Certainly, Sir Damon.—That will be such a rarity.

Sir D. (*aside*) Oh! confound your sneers. [*Exit.*

Lady G. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter CAROLINE *and* SUSAN *laughing.*

TRIO.—LADY GAYLAND, CAROLINE, & SUSAN.

Caroline.— Smile again, lady, smile and be gay,
Soon we shall laugh your cares away.
Laughing shall cure Sir Damon's folly,
Susan.— And laughing shall cure your melancholy.
Car. & S.—Smile again, &c.
All.— Let grey-beards tell us in a pet,
We study not at wisdom's school,
And we'll tell them that they forget
'Tis sometimes wise to play the fool.
Then let us laugh—laugh and be gay,
Soon we shall laugh our cares away.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the First Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I.——*A Road.—A view of Plod's house.*

Enter EDGAR GAYLAND.

Edg. Well, if Emily's sudden departure without acquainting me, was to invite me to pursue her, I have fulfilled her intention.—'Tis rather singular this expedition should bring me so near my father. The journey, of course, I place to the account of him and my fair mother-in-law. I dare not hope for his sanction to my whimsical attachment; for tho' Emily's fortune might satisfy him, the connexion is contrary to his constant maxims, and must certainly alarm his pride. Oh! Emily, thou hast awakened me to a new existence—and however dark an aspect my fate may now assume, thy image will be ever present to cheer and console me.

SONG.—EDGAR.

Should e'er I brave the foaming seas,
  And hear the bursting tempest sound,
I could behold, with heart at ease,
  The foe's dread thunder roll around.
For o'er the vessel, cloath'd in light,
Would flit a guardian angel bright,
'Midst ev'ry form of death to fire me,
And still with love—with hope inspire me.

Or in the ranks of martial war,
  When vengeance bids the bosom glow,
From my lov'd country wand'ring far,
  Where all is death, despair, and woe;
O'er my rude pillow, cloath'd in light,
Would flit a guardian angel bright,
'Midst every shaft of fate to fire me,
And still with love—with hope inspire me.

Enter Sir Damon *musing.*

Sir D. This Captain Bronze is certainly a damn'd dangerous little fellow, and I must get my wife out of his way. I'll pretend sudden illness, and take her with me to the coast.

Edg. My father!

Sir D. My son!—What Edgar, my boy! what the plague brought you here?

Edg. Pure filial affection.—The exchange of my commission, I find, can't be compleated for the present, and I was determin'd not to lose the opportunity of spending a few days with you and Lady Gayland.

Sir D. Well, that's very attentive of you.—But I hope, now, it's no silly love affair.

Edg. I hope, Sir, you have no such suspicion.

Sir D. Why, no,—I think you've more wisdom.—Zounds, you're a clever promising young fellow, and ought to aspire to a match that will do us honour, and advance your fortune. But I'm glad to see you, boy.

Edg. Well, Sir, and how is my fair mother-in-law? I heard she had been low-spirited lately.

Sir D. Hem! She's beginning to recover that—but you can make those inquiries of her-

self—Tho' you come at a devilish unlucky time. —We're just going to the sea-side.

Edg. To the sea-side, Sir, for what?

Sir D. I'm very ill.

Edg. Very ill, Sir,—I'm very much concern'd to hear it.—What may be the nature of your complaint?

Sir D. I fancy its bilious.—

Edg. I thought you look'd ill, Sir.

Sir D. Did you?

Edg. Have you been long attack'd, Sir?

Sir D. Only since this morning, However, we have a young Captain of Dragoons upon a visit.—If you'll stay here and entertain him in our absence, I'll be obliged to you.

Edg. With much pleasure, Sir.

Sir D. I'm only just going to order post horses, and then I'll follow you home.

Edg. Shall I accompany you?

Sir D. No—I'd rather you'd go home. I've a particular reason.—I'll soon follow you.

(*Exit Sir D.*)

Edg. Why, my father has lost all his spirits—Ah, Susan!

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. What, Mr. Edgar! why this is an unexpected visit! But I guess the reason of it.

Edg. Love, Susan, enslaving, irresistible love!

Susan. Aye, I have heard of it. You have just parted with Sir Damon, I see.

Edg. Yes; he seems in a very melancholy way, Susan, what's the matter with him?

Susan. Love, enslaving, irresistible love!—but its my business now not to lose sight of him;—my lady will explain his case.

Edg. I was in hopes marriage would have proved a remedy for all his evils.

Susan. And do you expect to find it so?

Edg. I do indeed!

Susan. (*ironically.*) I wish *I* could give you any hopes of it.

Edg. How many are its comforts!

Susan. How innumerable its troubles!

Edg. Its joys how inviting!

Susan. Its cares how alarming!

DUET.—EDGAR *and* SUSAN.

Edg.—Hail sweet Hymen to thy joys!
Smiling Cupids now appear;
Sus.— Hail sweet Hymen to thy noise!
Brawling children greet my ear.
Edg.—Wooing mildly,
Sus.— Scolding wildly,
Edg.—You content me,
Sus.— You torment me,
Both.—Oh! such joys are truly dear!
Edg.—While smiling, pratling,
Sus.— Scolding, tattling,
Edg.—Love's soft battling,
Sus.— Tongues loud rattling,
Both.—Makes marriage a riddle to teaze and confound,
Which sense and good humour alone can expound.
Hail, sweet Hymen, &c.

[*Exit* Susan.

Edg. Ah! Emily! and with a stranger! A soldier too—and that old dragon with her! This may be the cause of her departure then.—I'll observe them. [*Exit.*

Enter M'LARY, *escorting* MISS UMBRAGE *and* EMILY.

M'Lar. Come along, my darlings!—I'll see you safe, if it were to Holyhead, for your own sweet sakes, and for the sake of your pretty little friend, that has run away from you, into the bargain.

Miss U. Miss Sedley seems to be a favourite, Captain!

M'Lar. Och! if you and Miss would speak a kind word for me.

Miss U. Willingly, Captain,—for its very long since I have met with so much politeness and attention,

M'Lar. Then, Madam, it has been your misfortune to meet with few of my countrymen, lately.

Miss U. It has, Sir, and a great misfortune I consider it, I assure you. But few are to be met with of any country, Sir, of your address, and apparently liberal education.

M'Lary. Faith, Madam, and my education was liberal enough to be sure, and most liberally was it thump'd into my head by old Father O'Larrup, at Coleraine.

Emi. (*looking out.*) Why, I protest, 'tis Edgar, and seemingly avoiding us.

Miss U. Well, Sir, you must allow me to say, that you reflect the highest honour on Father O'Larrup. (*M'Lary bows.*) Pray, Captain, did you ever see my loose thoughts on education?

M'Lar. No, Madam, I never had the pleasure of meeting with your loose thoughts—but I can easily give you credit for them.

Emi. How suspiciously he watches us. Jealous, perhaps, of this officer.—My dear Miss Umbrage, as we're at home, we needn't trouble this gentleman any further.

M'Lar. And would you be dismissing me now, when your schoolmistress and I are learning to one another so beautifully! Upon my conscience, now, I can't think of leaving you, till I see you fairly out of sight.

Miss U. Sir, we are infinitely obliged to you. This, Sir, is our house.

Enter Plod, *from the house.*

Plod. Ah! why 'tis Emily and the celebrated Miss Umbrage.

Miss U. My relation, Mr. Plod.
(introducing him.)

Emi. Ah! my dear guardian! I am so happy to see you.

Plod. My dear guardian!—Yes, pretty symptom of your joy, when, after you've been a month away, you stand amusing yourself half an hour at my door, before you think of inquiring whether I'm dead or alive.—(*To Miss Umbrage.*) You're old enough, Ma'am, to know better.

Miss U. Plebeian coarseness! Sir, it was out of respect to this gentleman, who has had the politeness to escort us from the inn.

Plod. The gentleman's very good (*aside.*) Damme, I don't like such a fellow escorting my ward.

Miss U. Pray do us the favour to walk in, Sir.

M'Lar. Madam, 'tis a pleasure to obey such

an experienced commander. (*Follows Miss Umbrage into the house.*)

Plod. I don't fancy that jockey, not by no means. I hope, Emmy, he ha'n't no understanding with you, Eh?

Emi. No, indeed, Sir.

Plod. I'm very glad to hear it; because, you see, naturally persuming your thoughts begin to take a turn that way, I've fix'd on a husband for you myself.

Emi. Sir!

Plod. I mean, you shall have my nephew.

Emi. Your nephew, Sir!

Plod. Aye, Peter Plod.—A fine fellow, by all accounts. He is just returned from his first India voyage, and he writes me word, he'll be here to-morrow. And, between you and I, that's the reason why I sent for you home so soon.

Emi. (*aside.*) How unlucky! Now, if Edgar should be jealous and desert me.—He's watching me still. If I could convey a letter to him by this Irish officer.

Plod. Well, what do you say?

Emi. Sir, it is impossible I should like Peter, when I've never seen him.

Plod, Well, and for the same reason it's impossible you should dislike him. I never saw him, myself, since he first went to school, by reason of his father's taking it into his head to educate him so far off. So come along, and prepare to receive him with proper gentility—or you and I shan't agree not by no means. (*Exeunt into the house.*)

Enter SURFEIT.

Surf. This is the house Bumper pointed to, and a devilish nice house it is. Now for this peerless protegée of a potatoe merchant. I sported one of my decoy lounges in the inn yard; I think she must have noticed me from some of the windows. Now I'll sport another here! (*Struts about.*)—Poor Caroline, I once told her I was dying for her; but she must know, well enough, nobody dies for love now-a-days. I once knew a very valiant Major that made up his mind to it; but, like many a hero before him, he soon thought better of it.

SONG.—SURFEIT.

Major Macpherson heav'd a sigh,
Tol de diddle dol, &c.
And Major Macpherson didn't know why;
Tol de diddle dol, &c.
But Major Macpherson soon found out,
Tol de diddle dol, &c.
It was all for Miss Lavinia Scout,
Tol de diddle dol, &c.

Says Major Macpherson, I've no doubt,
Tol de, &c.
I'm scorn'd by Miss Lavinia Scout;
Tol de, &c.
And since on her I still must doat,
Tol de, &c.
I'll make it a point to cut my throat.
Tol de, &c.

Then Major Macpherson took a razor,
Tol de, &c.
And, says he, damn me but I'll amaze her:
Tol de, &c.

My fate's decreed,—my hour is come:—
Tol de, &c.
Then he drew the edge across his thumb;
Tol de, &c.

And still on his woes did the Major harp;
Tol de, &c.
But the Major was young, and the razor was sharp.
Tol de, &c.
No, says he,—to kill himself a brave man scorns,
Tol de, &c.
So instead of his throat, he cut his corns.
Tol de, &c.

Ah! the door's opening. Perhaps the dear angel herself. (*Enter M'Lary from the house.*) This Irish fellow—Damn it, that bodes no good.

M'Lar. Now to deliver this billet-doux of the young lady's.

Surf. A billet-doux! Now, if it should be for me!

M'Lar. In any other hands, now, a letter would stand a bad chance of reaching its address, when it happens, like this, to have none at all.—Poor thing, she wrote it in such a terrification.—The spark I was to give it to, was hovering about the house, she said.

Surf. Hovering about the house—It is—I knew I should strike her.—It's for me, M'Lary, it's for me.

M'Lar. For you, Mr. Tommy.—Faith, then, you're in high luck, let me tell you.

Surf. Give it me, you dear minister of Cupid! (*Takes it.*) I knew that decoy lounge would do the business. Now for it. (*Reads.*) "I have perceived your uneasiness on my account." Yes, I knew she would,—"If you "wish to be convinced of my affection, come

" as soon as possible, disguised as my guardian's " nephew, Peter Plod, whom he has fixed on " for my husband."—An odious rival—that's lucky.—" He's the mate of an Indiaman just " arrived from a voyage, and his uncle hasn't " seen him from his infancy.—Further instruc-" tions I'll whisper when we meet.—Your's, in " a flurry, Emily."

M'Lar. Yes, she wrote it on my shoulders, poor thing, while I was describing a bit of a skirmish to old Plod.

Surf. Come, if this isn't dispatch, the devil's in it.—Well done, Mr. Tom; I've a better opinion of you than ever. If you havn't a right to spend a fortune, who the devil has? (*Looking at his watch.*) Twelve o'clock.—I'll marry her before dinner. If your chaplain's disengaged, M'Lary, I'll employ him.

M'Lar. Before dinner it must be, then.—It always bothers him to read the ceremony after.

Surf. Nothing like taking them in the mind. I'll go and get a sailor's coat, and to business directly.

[*As he is going, Caroline enters completely dressed as a dragoon officer, and struts by him singing.*

" A soldier I am for the ladies," &c.

Surf. Who the plague's this?

Enter GABRIEL.

Gab. My master now, if you've no objection. Here, Captain, this is my ex-master.—Now he'll give you my character.

Surf. I'll give you none.—I scorn you for a little worldly varlet.

Gab. I brought one when I came to you.

Surf. Yes, but you soon lost it, after that.

Car. (*surveying him.*) That I can easily believe, friend.

Surf. You don't mean to behave ungenteel, I hope, Sir?

Car. Why, we sha'n't agree the worse for it, I dare say.

M'Lar. Tommy's getting it again. (*Aside.*)

Surf. Sir, I must beg——

Car. I think I've seen your face in London.

Surf. It may be, Sir.

Gab. He could shew it there formerly.

Surf. You're not the first that has noticed it, Sir.—A man of fashion——

Car. Oh! ha! ha! ha!—I beg your pardon, I'm laughing at my own stupidity.—I recollect you now.—Your name's Surfeit.—I've seen you with Caroline Sedley.

Surf. (*mantling.*) Oh! you have—why, then, perhaps you know whereabouts I am in that quarter? (*Winks.*)

Car. (*winks again.*) I do—I do.

M'Lar. What the devil! my little Caroline too—sure, and at that rate you must have had a dip in the Shannon, Mr. Surfeit.

Surf. I understand you M'Lary—you've a penchant that way, yourself, I know.—Well, I sha'n't have her, as you may guess—I am otherwise disposed of.—So, I say, my little trooper, as you know her, break my affair to her, will you, and recommend M'Lary.

Car. Ha! ha! ha! (*Aside.*) Was there ever such native effrontery?

Surf. What, you're laughing? Ha! ha! ha! —He's a bit of a quiz;—but he's an honest fellow. Look at him.

M'Lar. You're mighty good; and if its laughing you'd be after, I can always make one of that party when you are present.

Surf. Well, you've some reason to be merry now. There,—the little dragoon will recommend you. Good bye.—I've a great deal upon my hands, you know, M'Lary.—Good bye, little cut and thrust.

Gab. Won't you give me a character, then?

Surf. No, Sir—I won't.—To-morrow, you dog, you'll give your ears to come back—but it won't do.—You won't impose on me again. I know the world, Mr. Gaby.—I've had a few rubs in it. [*Exit.*

Gab. And if you'd as many more rubs, they wouldn't polish you, I'll answer for it. [*Exit.*

Car. Well, Mr. M'Lary, do you retain me as your advocate with this lady?

M'Lar. And may I now take the liberty to ask who it is that's to do more for M'Lary than he can do for himself?

Car. A man of war!—

M'Lar. A man of war!—or rather, in genteeler terms, a young gentleman of war.

Car. What d'ye take me for, Lieutenant M'Lary?

M'Lar. Take you for!—Faith and you seem to be neither one thing nor t'other, like a dish of kalechannon.

Car. Sir, I can stand fire as well as any man in his Majesty's service. 2

M'Lar. Och! blessings on your little smock face. St. Patrick disown me, if I'd question the courage of one British soldier, man, woman, or little boy. Didn't I turn my own toes out before I'd a hair on my chin? And by the time I came to years of discretion, received his Majesty's commission for being the first to walk thro' the breach of a wall, when a dozen or two of muskets were opening their long throats upon me on the other side.

Car. You flourish'd betimes then.

M'Lar. Sure it was bred in the bone, joy.—My father before me died of a bullet in his pericranium, tho' my mother always wondered how the devil it got there.

Car. And could she bear to part with you to run the same risks?

M'Lar. And is it that you'd know.—Och! if you had but heard the tender speech she made when we first parted on the beach at Donaghadee!—"Oh! my darling Corney," says she, "and are you going to meet the enemies of ould Ireland? Leather them, Corney. Bang them well my beauty, till they cry 'be asy.'—And if you get a whack too many, mind your manners, say 'thank 'ye;' and when you're dead as Nebuchadnezzar, send ould Margery word that you died like an Irishman."

Car. A very affecting speech indeed.—Well, I think with your example before me, I needn't despair, young as I am.

M'Lar. No, you needn't despair of being a Major, while you are a Minor.—And what will you say for me, to the sweet Caroline? Devil a tirteen does she care for Lieutenant M'Lary

—She's a little better off in the world to be sure, and so she frowns upon a lad that, if she hadn't a halfpenny, would share his last shilling with her.

Car. Never despair, comrade.

M'Lar. When I brought her the old school-mistress—what a freezing distance she kept one at.

Car. She keeps you at a less distance than you imagine. But she shall know all you say as correctly as if you told her yourself; and depend upon it she'll never be able to resist your last shilling.

M'Lar. Give me your hand. You're a neat little article—and if you want any instruction in our way—you can't do better than apply to a man of my experience.

Car. And to tell you the truth, I'd as soon be instructed by you as any man I know.—If we should chance to serve together, I'm sure we should live gaily.

DUET.—M'Lary *and* Caroline.

M'Lar.— How we shall pass our time—I'll tell ye—
When the drum beats the sweet reveillez,
Merrily merrily beating.
Caroline.—Soldiers then all briskly muster,
Musquets ring, and serjeants bluster,
Busily busily meeting.
M'Lar.— Oft-times marching all the day,
While the drum still cheats the weary way,
Both.— With a rub a dub, &c.
M'Lar.— Then how each heart is nobly bounding,
When the trumpets' loudly sounding,
Loudly to the battle!
Caroline.—No repining, sinking, sighing,
Bravely conquering or dying,
While the cannons rattle!

(*Altern.*)—But danger past, and vict'ry smiling,
Love and wine our cares beguiling;—
Double pleasure crowns the day,
While the drum still beats so brisk and gay
With a rub a dub, &c.

[*Exeunt marching.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Plod's House.*

Enter PLOD, MISS UMBRAGE, *and* EMILY.

Plod. Be quiet, I say,—Can't you be quiet—Don't palaver me with a parcel of confounded jabber that I don't understand—Lecturing me about my manners at this time of day—They aren't of the flashiest, I know, but I won't alter them now, not for nobody.

Miss U. I only wish you to consider my feelings—consider I am your relation, Sir, and have taken care of the morals of your charge.

Plod. Why that's a devilish good one!—Didn't you bring her home just now with a great strapping Irishman? You didn't want him to take care of her morals, did you?

Miss U. Sir, the Hibernian was a man of sense and courtesy—Our discourse was of the strictest propriety—Nothing beyond a reciprocation of pleasantries—a species of intellectual dalliance.

Plod. Intellectual fiddlestick! My wife and I had no intellectual dalliance—We was brought up to industry in the Minories, and larnt no flourishing in the way of discourse, in any shape whatsoever. If you'd been half as notable as

she, I might have fancied you, which as I said before, I can't say I do now, not by no means.

Miss U. Sincerity, Mr. Plod, is commendable—rudeness, contemptible. Learn to discriminate between them.—Read Chesterfield on that subject.

Plod. No, I'll be damn'd if I do.

Miss U. I'll take refuge in my study.

Plod. Ay, do.—

Miss U. After the dissipation of the metropolis, how welcome will be this silent society of the wise and virtuous. [*Exit.*

Plod. I wish your society was a little more silent.

Enter JACOB.

Jacob. Here be your nephew, Mr. Peter, come, Sir.

Plod. Come! Why you don't say so, Jacob. —There Emmy, he's come already,—the jolly boy's come. Where is he, where is he, Jacob? —Bring me to him directly.

[*Exit with* Jacob.

Emi. It must be Edgar in his disguise—and he has received my letter—now if he can only escape discovery, 'till I have an opportunity of removing his suspicions, he will certainly save me from the odious Peter—Yet, should he desert me, I'm sure I should never cease to love him.

SONG.—EMILY.

Dear Edgar, should I ne'er again
Behold that face, I vow sincerely
My heart thy image should retain,
And ever love it dearly, dearly.

I cannot weep, I heave no sighs;
This heart was ever light and cheerly;
But laughing spirits, laughing eyes,
Can love, and love you dearly, dearly.

Ha! a stranger!—'Tis the real Peter then, and Edgar will be detected—How shall I act?—I'll seem to be taken with him.—It will put my guardian off his guard, and give me a better chance of escape.

Enter Plod *with* Surfeit *in a Naval Uniform.*

Plod. Ha! ha! well, I'm devilish glad to see you so soon, tho'—Here she is, boy!

Surf. Ha! young lady! How are you? Shiver my topsails, Plod, as tight a little frigate as I've seen in all my voyage. (*Winks at her.*) I say, true to the touch, you see.—I shall get on here, shan't I?

Emi. (*aside.*) What can he mean by such familiarity?

Plod. What, at your whispers already, you dog, Eh?—(*jogs him.*)

Surf. (*jogging him.*) Sailor-like, you know,—Bring 'em to at once.

Plod. You're right—nothing like it.—Well, I'm devilish glad to see you tho'—Why you've come a day before your letter mentioned.

Surf. Have I? (*aside to Emily.*) What I've written a letter, then?

Emi. How singular!

Surf. Let me see—yes, I fancy I have come before my time—But we sailors, you know,—

we come before or after, or sometimes not at all, you know—just as it happens.

Plod. Yes, I suppose so,—just as it happens. Well now, if it wouldn't be too much trouble, couldn't you just give me a notion of your voyage, Peter.—Which course you took, like, and where you landed, and all that.

Surf. Certainly, uncle.—You don't know much of geography and navigation, do you?

Plod. No—I can't say I do.

Surf. (*aside.*) Nor I neither, out of fresh water—So that's lucky.

Plod. But mayhap you can't well explain it without a map?

Surf. Oh, yes;—just as well as with one. We set out, you know, from Bengal—(*aside.*) Isn't it, Madam, dam'me if I know.—We set out from Bengal, and then, you know, we made for the Straits of Gibraltar, and so on thro' the Baltic into the Bay of Biscay—touched at the Cape of Good Hope, Malta, Copenhagen, and the Isle of Man; and smack we scudded into the Port of London. (*winks at Emily.*)

Plod. Oh! smack into the Port of London. —Aye—I'd rather you'd shewn me by the map, for I can't make out your account, not by no means.

Emi. Surely he's imposing on my guardian's ignorance.

Plod. (*to him.*) Well now, tell us something else—astonish her, you dog.—

Surf. I will—Then, Madam, we encountered a French man of war, and, traders as we were, beat her off in a most gallant manner.

Emi. Indeed, Sir.

Plod. You don't mean that should astonish her now-a-days;—

Surf. It's very true, as my uncle says, Ma'am—there's nothing astonishing in that; nor that I should have been honoured with a medal from the Company, expressly for having saved fifty hundred weight of their best lump sugar from the hands of the enemy. (*to Emily.*) That will do, I think.

Plod. (*aside.*) Dam'me if that isn't a flourish, Mr. Peter, however.—I can't swallow that lump sugar.

Emi. You're a sad wag, Mr. Peter.

Surf. I hum him famously, don't I?—Snug house here, Plod?

Plod. Yes, tolerable decent—Well, Emmy, how do you like him?—

Emi. Prodigiously, Sir.

Plod. Why, didn't I say so?—I'll tell him. Here, Peter, she says she likes you prodigiously.

Surf. Oh! aye, Sir,—No fear but we shall soon bring matters to bear. I wish I'd known you a little sooner, Ma'am—You would have been a fine stylish figure for my cutter.

Plod. Your cutter!

Surf. (*aside.*) Dam'me, I'm getting above bridge, now.

Plod. Why, what cutter do you mean?

Surf. Don't you know? Aye, I see you don't understand our nautical phrases—I mean our vessel—Cutter's a cant phrase for an East Indiaman. (*winks at Emily.*)

Emi. Ridiculous!

Plod. (aside.) Lump sugar! and cant phrase for an East Indiaman!—I suspect Master Peter's at some of his salt-water jeers here.—Why you don't mean to say you would have shewn her on your quarter-deck?

Surf. Why not, if she liked it, Eh, Madam?

Emi. To be sure, Sir,—I'm sure I could be happy any where with such a merry gentleman.

Plod. The rogue will have her now.

DUET.—SURFEIT *and* EMILY.

Surf.— Thro' life as we steer,
At fortune we jeer;
Good humour is ever our store:
Emi.— And we know, long ago,
When you've pleasure in tow,
Your maxim's the merrier the more.
I'm sure Mr. Peter, no man can be neater,
Surf.— And, indeed, Miss, I never saw damsel completer;
Emi.— With you I could trip,
Surf.— To a wooden-legg'd scraper,
Both.— And hornpipe or jig we'd so jollily caper.
Sing fal, lal, &c.

Surf.— With such glee, when at sea
If so jolly are we;
No mortals I'm sure can be more;
Emi.— And since I could rely
All your troubles would fly
At sea,—I might revel on shore.
Surf.— Then our rambles completing, and once again meeting
Emi.— Your sweethearts and wives, how delightful the greeting:
Surf.— Then again to the notes of a wooden-legg'd scraper,
Both.— A hornpipe or jig we'd so jollily caper.
Sing fal, lal, &c.

[*Exeunt* Surfeit *and* Emily.

Plod. Peter will have her.—The dog sticks to her, and we shall keep all her money in the family.

Enter JACOB.

Jacob. Here be a Mr. Gayland do want to see thee.

Plod. A Mr. Gayland—let the gentleman walk in.

Jacob. You may come in, Sir. [*Exit* Jacob.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Mr. Plod, your most obedient.

Plod. Your servant, Sir.

Edg. I understand, Sir, you are a man of few words, I shall without preface state to you the object of my visit.

Plod. I shall be very much oblig'd to you, Sir.

Edg. Briefly then, Sir, I have taken a fancy for your little ward, and wish to marry her.

Plod. Why then, Sir, briefly, in like manner, you can't have her not by no means.

Edg. And why not, Sir? I am the son of Sir Damon Gayland—My family and connections—

Plod. Sir, I have nothing to say against your family and connections—only one naturally prefers one's own. My own nephew has taken a great fancy to her, and she to him, and the whole matter 's as good as settled.

Edg. Impossible, Sir.

Plod. Why then, Sir, I've lost my senses—

She told him just now she liked him perdigiously, and if you'll only just cast your eye into our garden there, you may see them frisking away together like two kittens.

Edg. Ah !—as I live 'tis true. This, Sir, is conclusive. I'll trouble you no further. Perfidious, fickle woman ! [*Exit.*

Plod. Come, his business is soon settled.—He seems to be something like Peter—makes love in the old-fashioned way—plump to the point at once. But most of your modern young ladies and gentlemen do make such a fal lal circumbendibus business of it—it's enough to give an old fellow the fidgets to hear of 'em.

SONG.—PLOD.

Before young madam, now-a-days, her pretty sweetheart blesses,
He sobs, and swears, and sighs, and calls it paying his addresses;
With their interviews, and Billy-Doos, and all such kick-shaw stuff,
Before they go to church they've have had of loving quite enough.
With their tiddy dol, &c.

But when I courted Mrs. Plod, Miss Polly Jones as was,
Now if so be as you like me, says I, I'll have you, poz;
So then, says Polly Jones, says she, I'll ax my Pa's consent;
And then she gave a smiling look, and I know'd what she meant.
It was tiddy dol, &c.

Then in the Morning Post you'll see, while modern gentry faulter,
That Mr. this will shortly lead Miss t'other to the *halter* ;
But Poll and I we kept things hush,—I'm sure the plan was wiser,
And just when over clapt it in the Daily Advertiser.
With a tiddy dol, &c.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter SURFEIT *and* EMILY.

Emi. Really, Sir, I don't understand you.

Surf. And, upon my soul, Madam, I don't understand you.

Emi. What can you mean, Mr. Peter, by my writing you a letter, as you were saying just now?

Surf. What could you mean by it, Madam? I can guess but one thing, and so it's no use standing shilly shally. You're a devilish nice little girl—I've obey'd your instructions—and I'm ready to run off with you directly.

Emi. Obey'd my instructions! Ready to run away with me!—Why, you astonish me!

Surf. I'm an astonishing fellow, Ma'am.—If you'll have me, say so, and dispatch is the word.

Emi. This man must be mad, certainly.

Enter PLOD *and* MISS UMBRAGE.

Plod. Here he is.—You'll get a rare stock of news, I promise you.—Here, Peter, this is the celebrated Miss Umbrage. She wants to ask you a few questions about geography, and history, and all that.—

Surf. Madam, I'm very glad—Damn it! Why this is my learned friend!

Miss U. This is the wretch that walked over me in the dirt.

Plod. Walked over you! What, then, you've seen Peter before?

Miss U. Peter, Sir!—This is a man I travelled with—An animal called a buck—A notorious lounger—known by the name of Tom Surfeit.

Plod. The devil he is—Why then he is an impostor.

Surf. (aside.) Here's a pretty commence!—*(To Emily.)* All owing to your delay, Ma'am.

Plod. Why you impudent, hypocritical—

Emi. Me, Sir!—As I hope to be saved I am as much deceived as you.—I protest I never saw the creature before.

Surf. (aside.) Come, that's a round one, however!—

Plod. Why this is astonishing! Then what the devil does he want here?

Surf. Want, Sir!

Plod. Aye, Sir, I suppose, if the truth was known, you want some of my silver spoons.

Miss U. Some worthless adventurer, Sir, depend upon it.

Surf. Why you inflammatory young woman! Sir, I am a Student of the Inner Temple, and my fortune, Sir, I say, Sir, my fortune—

Enter JACOB.

Jacob. There be a Mr. Gabriel a'ter his master—A do say a saw him come in here, and a will be paid his wages.

Plod. There, it's a clear case then.—Swin-

dles his own servant—That's the man. Lug him out, Jacob.

Jacob. Yes, Sir.

Surf. If you dare, Sir—

Plod. Call Mr. Gabriel to help you.—Gabriel.

Jacob. Here, Gabriel!—

Enter GABRIEL.

Jacob. You and I be to lug him out.

Plod. And, as he's a fresh water sailor, duck him in his own element.

Gab. It shall be done, Sir.

Surf. Nay, but gentlemen—My dear learned friend.

Miss U. Oh! you can expect no compassion from me. Immerse him by all means.

Exit.

Jacob. Yes; we must immerse you by all means.

Surf. Dam'me you must catch me first, then.

(Runs off, Jacob and Gabriel following.)

Emi. It must have been a blunder of the Irish officer.

Plod. Now, Miss, whether you've encouraged this fellow, or the other, or both, I take it I'm not to understand. So come along, and make up your mind to Peter; or else, you and I sha'n't agree not by no means. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*At Sir Damon Gayland's.*

Enter LADY GAYLAND *and* SUSAN *meeting.*

Lady G. Well, Susan?

Susan. Well, Ma'am! I've seen the little Captain, and told him about Sir Damon's ordering post horses, to take you away, and he says he'll be sure to return in time; and he told me to go back to him directly.

Lady G. Do you think we shall succeed at last, Susan?

Susan. No doubt of it, Ma'am; but we'll call the God of Love to our assistance, and then we can't fail.

Lady G. Then we'll invoke him certainly.

DUET.—SUSAN *and* LADY GAYLAND.

By the sad sighs of woe,
By the cares you bestow,
By thy mischievous Bow,
Dear Cupid, be near us!

By thy treacherous charms,
By the frown that alarms,
By the smile that disarms,
Ah! gentle God hear us!

Susan. But where is Mr. Edgar?

Lady G. I have just left him in despair for his mistress's infidelity.

Susan. Poor man!—Oh! here he comes.

Enter EDGAR.

Lady G. Well! your reverie is soon at an end.

Edg. Yes, the anguish of my reflections is insupportable; and I know not whither to fly for consolation.

Lady G. Why do you neglect your accustomed consolation?

(Pointing to the piano forte.)

Edg. Music—Ah! *that* solace is for *lighter* sorrows.

Lady G. Try it, nevertheless; I long to hear the improvement you have made in your travels.

Edg. Not to disappoint your curiosity, you shall hear a trifle with which I have sometimes amused myself in my happier days.

AIR.—EDGAR.

(Accompanying himself on the piano forte.)

Said a Smile to a Tear,
On the cheek of my dear,
And beam'd like the sun in spring weather,
In sooth, lovely Tear,
It strange must appear,
That we should be both here together.

I came from the heart,
A soft balm to impart,
To yonder sad daughter of grief:
And I, said the Smile,
That heart to beguile,
Since you gave the poor mourner relief.

Oh! then, said the Tear,
Sweet Smile, it is clear,
We are Twins, and soft Pity our mother:
And how lovely that face
Which together we grace,
For the woe and the bliss of another!

Lady G. Many thanks,—a charming subject—and if it applies to your Emily, you can never suspect her truth.

Edg. Suspect?—Ah! Madam! Would it were only suspicion! But let me forget my own cares, and tell me how I may assist in removing yours.

Lady G. I thank you for your zeal, Edgar, but our scheme will prosper very well without you, and you may be much better employed;—pursue your Emily—depend upon it, your jealousy has been alarmed without reason.—As to Sir Damon, I'll engage to secure you against his displeasure.

Edg. Why bid me hope, only to make despair still deeper?

TRIO.—Lady Gayland, Susan, *and* Edgar.

Lady Gayland *and* Susan.

Hence despair, Oh! ne'er receive her,
Fatal foe to joy or rest.

Edgar.

Hope is worse: the fair deceiver
Racks us when we think we're blest:
Promising ever,
Blessing never;
Shall I trust the jilt again?

LADY GAYLAND *and* SUSAN.

Trust her, trust her, once again,
Be no willing slave of pain.

TOGETHER.

Edgar.— Hope's a jilt, a fair deceiver,
Joy will ne'er be mine again.
Lady G. & Susan. Trust again the dear deceiver;
Joy may yet be your's again.

End of Act Second.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The outside of Plod's House,—A Garden Gate.*

EMILY, *from a Window.*

Emi. What an unfortunate girl I am.—Abandoned by my lover, lock'd up by my guardian, and his odious Peter perhaps riding post to fetter me for life. My case is desperate. I must appeal to the benevolence of the first passer-by, and escape at any risk.—Ah! Tom Surfeit—Now if I can impose on his vanity.—

Enter TOM SURFEIT.

Surf. I'll be revenged—I'll be revenged.—I'll prosecute Plod—and what's more, I'll run away with his ward into the bargain.—Her disowning me was a trick, and if I could but contrive, without going into his infernal house again, just to——

Emi. (*from the window.*) Sir, Sir.—

Surf. Hark! By all that's lucky, there she is.

Emi. Oh, Sir! Have pity on my situation,—My guardian has locked me up.

Surf. Lock'd you up.—(*aside.*) On my account,—then she's mine.

Emi. And if you don't assist me to escape, Sir, to-morrow I shall be sacrificed to Mr. Peter.

Surf. Loveliest of little women!—Dam'me if Peter shall have you, whilst I have a limb left to defend you!—Fly, Madam, fly to these arms—these arms shall shelter you!

Emi. How am I to get at 'em, Sir?

Surf. Upon my soul, Madam, I don't know.

Emi. The garden gate, Sir, is just on the right, Sir, and, most likely, open. If you go in, near the pond you'll see a ladder stand —I believe you know the pond, Sir?

Surf. I had like to have known it, Madam,—But for your sake I'd go through fire and water too.

Emi. Go, then, Sir, and fetch the ladder—Place it at the back window, and there I may descend unobserved. *(Disappears.)*

Surf. I obey, Madam. Huzza! Dam'me I shall chouse Peter now. (*Exit at garden gate.*)

Enter M'Lary *and* Edgar Gayland.

M'Lar. I tell you, you're to blame. First you say you were jealous of me,—there was no great wonder at that, though you were certainly mistaken. For the other chap, there, that Mr. Surfeit, who the devil would be jealous of such a figure as that. I made a bit of blunder with the billet-doux, to be sure, but if you will run away from good fortune, my dear boy, you'll find folks enough to intercept her before she overtakes you.

Edg. How fortunate that I ventured to accost you—You have restored my hopes.

M'Lar. And I'll restore the lady.—As you say its devilish lucky you happened to meet with me. I manage these matters for all my brother officers.

Edg. And zealously, I'm sure.

M'Lar. You may say that—Now and then they complain I take rather too much off their hands. I'll tell you now how we'll make our approaches. I've thrust my face into the family, and it's a face that's not very easily thrust out again. So, in I go. (*Knocks at the door.*) I'll whisper the young one that you're waiting to run away with her, and divert the ould ones with a neat little dish of botheration till she's fairly off.

Edg. A thousand thanks.

(*Jacob opens the door.*)

Jacob. What be your business here?

M'Lar. With your master.—So take your ugly face out of the way.

(*Exit, Jacob following.*)

Edg. Should he fail to meet with her, like a true romantic lover, I'll try the effect of a serenade.

RONDEAU.—EDGAR.

Come to me, come to me, dearest maid,
Relieve my doubts and pains!
Thy lover is waiting, dearest maid,
To wear thy rosy chains.

No more I'll doubt thee,—no, no, never,—
Dearest, believe me thine for ever;
Far from thy tyrant would I bear thee,
None from these arms again should tear thee.
Come to me, &c.

Thy Edgar ne'er can live without thee,—
Deep are his pangs that he should doubt thee,
And should you now reject his prayer,
Death is his refuge from despair.
Come to me, &c.

She doesn't come!—Why, what do I see? By Heavens! She is descending a ladder and with the very same puppy.—Then is my fate decided. —I'll meet her, however.

(SURFEIT *enters from the garden gate, leading Emily.*)

Surf. Come, come along.—All's safe—And now, my dear girl, now I've sav'd you from Peter, thus let me—(*Goes to embrace her, she perceives* EDGAR *and runs to him.*)

Emi. Ah! my dearest Edgar!

(SURFEIT *confounded.*)

Edg. And can you still call me so, Emily?

Emi. Oh, yes;—Indeed your suspicions are unfounded. This obliging gentleman has kindly assisted my escape; but his assistance has been purely disinterested.

Surf. What the devil is all this?

Emi. Of course you know I accepted it, only that I might fly to the protection of my dear Edgar.

Edg. Generous girl! Let us immediately fly and secure our happiness.

Surf. Dam'me, I'm done again.

Emi. Hold, Edgar!—Let us not forget our gratitude to this gentleman.

Edg. Not for the world.

Surf. Curse such gratitude!

Edg. He seems disappointed.

Emi. (*smiling.*) To tell you the truth, I fear e is disappointed.

Edg. I understand you—then he is the more entitled to our thanks.

TRIO.—EDGAR, EMILY, *and* SURFEIT.

Edg. & Emi. Gentle Sir, we thank you kindly.
Surf.— Zounds! I see I've acted blindly!
Edg. & Emi. Fortune, thou'rt a generous maid!
Surf.— Fortune, thou'rt a treach'rous jade!
Edg. & Emi. Adieu, sweet Sir, we must away.
Surf.— I desire you not to stay.
Togeth. Away! Away!
We must away!
Edg & Emi. But, indeed, we thank you kindly.
Gentle Sir, we thank you kindly.

[*Exeunt* Edgar *and* Emily.

Surf. Dam'me but I'll annoy them.—I'll alarm the house—I'll set old Plod and my learned friend about their ears directly.—Hollo!—there.—Thieves!—
(*Goes to knock at the door, M' Lary comes out.*)

M'Lar. What the devil's the matter with you?

Surf. (*aside.*) Now what does that Irishman do here?

M'Lar. How came you to be taken so noisy, Mr. Surfeit?

Surf. Noisy, Sir! Isn't it enough to make a man noisy, to see an honest gentleman

abused, and a ravisher running off with his ward?

M'Lar. Running off! Arrah! there they go, sure enough—In spite of locks, bolts, bars, and barristers.—What the grapes were sour, Tommy!—Well, you can't say I didn't put you within reach of them.

Surf. I don't mind your jests, Sir.—I say it's not a thing to be connived at—I'm surprised you haven't more public spirit, Sir.—I'll raise the house—I'll— *(goes to knock.)*

M'Lar. Hark ye, Sir,—If you give a single rap at that door, I'll treat you with half a dozen double ones in the twirl of a shilaleh.

Surf. Sir, I don't understand you.

M'Lar. Shall I explain, Sir? Is it satisfaction you want? *(shewing his stick.)*

Surf. Pooh! Sir.—Your stick will be no satisfaction to me, Sir.—Pistols, Sir, pistols are the instruments of a gentleman, Sir.—Talk of them, Mr. M'Lary, and you'll find me a man, Sir, that will very soon, Sir,—*(aside.)* Send information to the peace officers. [*Exit.*

M'Lar. I'm afraid, Master Surfeit, you'll baulk me at that work. Our enemies have kept me so long upon the whet; a little fighting would be meat and drink to me now. In little Ireland one might soon get a friend to oblige one—but here they're so plaguily unsociable, you must affront a man outright before you can get a handsome quarrel with him. Well, now my jealous young gentleman is easy, I'll go and look for my little comrade, and enquire what he has done towards making myself so.

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. This must be the man she pointed to. Isn't your name M'Lary, Sir?

M'Lar. And is it yourself that ask with your pretty little mouth?

Susan. I needn't have ask'd if I had heard you open yours, Sir.

M'Lar. Devil's in the people for finding me out by my speaking.

Susan. I've a message for you.

M'Lar. Then you must be paid for it, my darling.

Susan. Not before I've deliver'd it.

M'Lar. It's the Coleraine fashion—I always pay my petticoat messengers the first thing. *(Kisses her.)*

Susan. Lord, Sir!—That's a new coin to pay one in, Sir.

M'Lar. As old as Ireland, my dear. And it's none of the counterfeit sort you'll get from M'Lary.

Susan. Oh! I'm not particular, Sir.

M'Lar. And if you are, what you don't like I'll change at any time.—Now for your message, my jewel.

Susan. Yes, Sir.—My message, Sir, is from one Captain Bronze.

M'Lar. Captain Bronze! What the little smooth-faced gentleman?

Susan. Yes, a smart little fellow. He says if you go to Sir Damon Gayland's, about an hour hence, and ask Sir Damon for Miss Caroline Sedley, you may meet with a more welcome reception than you expect.

M'Lar. (with glee.) She's coming about—You must have another for that; and may it be my last if I fail her. *(Kisses her.)*

Susan. Fie, Sir!—Stoop to kiss me after such news of Miss Sedley.

M'Lar. Stoop to kiss you!—Faith, and till you've done growing, devil of any other way I'll contrive it.

Susan. Ah! he's a comical man:—but, after all there may be a deal of mischief in a kiss. [*Exit.*

M'Lar. And is my little girl coming round after all—Och! it's the fighting fellows that will warm their hearts all the world over.

SONG.—M'LARY.

Oh! a petticoat, honey's, an Irishman's joy,
Go where he will, his time merrily passes;
Search the world over, sure Paddy's the boy
For banging the men and for kissing the lasses.
And if you but get a red coat to your back,
In Russia, in Prussia, in France, or in Flanders;
All the pretty ma'amselles have a mighty neat knack
Of cocking their chins at both men and commanders.
Then heigh for the petticoat,—that is my joy,—
Go where I will my time merrily passes—
Search the world over, sure Paddy's the boy
For banging the men and for kissing the lasses.

When sweet Kitty Connor pierc'd me through the heart,
And chose Teddy Blarney, a big man of honor,
One moon-shiny night, to give ease to my smart,
I kick'd Mr. Blarney, and kiss'd Mrs. Connor:
And the little plump God, for his mother knew what,
Was the son of old Mars, or he'd never alarm ye;
And if he'd be growing as tall as he's fat,
You'd see master Cupid brought up to the army.
Then heigh for the petticoat, &c.

 [*Exit.*

SCENE II.——*An Apartment at Sir Damon Gayland's.*

Enter SIR DAMON, *followed by* LADY GAYLAND.

Lady G. To the coast, Sir Damon!—You cannot be serious.

Sir D. The carriage and post horses are at the door.

Lady G. Surely you'll defer it till to-morrow.

Sir D. Not an hour, Madam.

Lady G. In compliment to Captan Bronze.

Sir D. Madam, I've no such respect for Captain Bronze.—Besides, Edgar's here; he'll entertain him.

Lady G. But he may not be satisfied with Edgar's entertainment.

Sir D. I dare say not *(aside)*.—Madam, if he is not, let him seek other quarters; my resolution's fixed. [*Exit.*

Lady G. And my fears at an end.

SONG.—LADY GAYLAND.

Now cheering dreams of future joy,
Again shall soothe my breast;
My heart's sweet peace no cares destroy,
Then rest, fond flutt'rer—rest!

When hopeless passion racks the frame,
'Tis like a frost—'tis like a flame—
By turns it freezes, chills the soul—
By turns the flames of anger roll.

Re-enter Sir Damon.

Sir D. Curse that fellow—here he is again.

Lady G. Ah! the Captain—charming man, can you treat him with indifference?

Enter Caroline *and* Susan.

Car. (*singing.*) Ta, ra, ra, ra! Your town, Sir Damon, is as charming as its society. I anticipate every pleasure in my new abode.—Pray what carriage is that at the door?—

Sir D. I am sorry, Captain Bronze, I must so soon sacrifice the pleasure of your company.

Car. Sir Damon!

Sir D. I'm under the necessity of setting off immediately for the coast.

Car. You surprize me, Sir Damon.—Under the necessity?—

Sir D. Yes, Sir.—I'm very unwell.

Car. I'm extremely sorry, Sir Damon; but since your health is in question, I couldn't think of detaining you.—Lady Gayland and I will endeavour to console ourselves for your loss as well as we can.

Sir D. Lady Gayland, Sir, of course will accompany me.

Car. Of course?—

Lady G. Indeed, Sir Damon, I don't see why.

Sir D. Madam!—

Lady G. I am perfectly well. Indeed, how can I be otherwise in the company of this gentleman?

Car. You're exceedingly obliging.

(They flirt.)

Sir D. I am astonished.—

Car. Astonished!

Sir D. That Lady Gayland should dream of being absent from me.—Grinvelt!—Is the carriage ready?

Enter GRINVELT.

Grin. Yaw!—Every ting is all quite ready.

Car. My dear Sir Damon, I cannot possibly part with you both.—And really, Sir, this affair is so sudden, and, notwithstanding your complaints, you look so prodigiously plump and rosy, that I shall begin to suspect some secret motive.

Sir D. Secret motive!—Oh! no, my dear Sir!

Car. Then, Sir, convince me, by putting off your journey only one day.

Sir D. *(aside.)* If he thinks I'm jealous.—Well, Sir, I can't suffer much by one day's delay. *(aside.)* At least I hope not.

Car. My dear Sir Damon, a thousand thanks.—Ah! Madam,—these few hours to me will be worth an eternity.

Sir D. There—he's at it again.

Enter GABRIEL.

Car. Well, Gabriel.—

Gab. I've delivered all your cards, and executed all your commissions.

Car. And shall we have the music?—

Gab. Yes, Sir, it will be all sure to come. [*Exit.*

Sir D. The music!—

Car. Why, Sir Damon.—To shew my sense of your politeness, I have planned a little fête for this evening, to have the pleasure of dancing with Lady Gayland, and have engaged the band of the regiment.

Sir D. The band of the regiment, Sir!—

Grin. (*aside.*) Te tevil—den my vife vil tress all de trommers and trompeters.

Sir D. My dear captain, I must beg you'll countermand them.—Really, our accommodations——

Car. But if we're to have a dance, Sir—

Susan. Oh! if we're to have a dance,—certainly.—

Sir D. Will you dance yourself away?—

Car. What charms of conversation, Sir Damon, can equal that divine intercourse of souls, "when music softens and when dancing warms."

SONG.—CAROLINE.

A language soft that needs no tongue,
To love is ever ready,
And, sweet Sir Damon, ere 'tis long,
I'll teach it to your lady.

'Tis in the dance each gentle spark
This language will display,
Oh! then with look and gesture—mark
The pretty things we'll say—
A language soft, &c.

(*Caroline dances with Lady G. and concludes with twirling her into a languishing attitude.*)

Sir D. (*losing his patience.*) This is too much.—Grinvelt, order the carriage again directly.

Grin. Yaw!—bot dat is very pretty attitude.

Sir D. Begone, Sir!

Car. I say, Sir Damon, the carriage shall not be ordered.

Sir D. (*in anger and astonishment.*) Cap-t. Bronze! I trust I have behaved to you with all the attention due from a host;—but, Sir, when you make a tavern of my house, whisk my wife into the postures of an opera dancer, and talk of stunning a harmless family with your damn'd kettle-drums and trumpets, you'll excuse my remindii g you that the house is mine, and I don't care how soon you take yourself out of it.

Car. Do you mean to affront me, Sir Damon?—

Sir D. Sir, your conduct is neither that of a gentlemen or a soldier, and I'll complain of it to your superior officers.

Car. With all my heart, Sir, and I'm very happy you'll so soon have an opportunity; for I've luckily invited the whole staff to my entertainment.

Sir D. The whole staff!

Grin. (*aside.*) The whole staff! My vife dress de whole staff!

Lady G. Sir Damon, as I perceive much of this altercation is on my account, it is with reluctance I am forced to declare, before this

gentleman, that I am determined not to accompany you on your intended journey.—Nay more, I insist immediately on a permanent separation.

Sir D. A permanent separation, Madam? *(aside.)* What the plague is coming now?

Lady G. You know those letters, Sir?

Sir D. *(aside.)* My letters to Rosalinda.—I'm undone.

Lady G. Now, Sir, after this, how dare you insult me with your suspicion! Your lady has pursued you to your doors, and is now in this house.

Sir D. Mercy on me!

Lady G. Fortunately I have intercepted this letter from her messenger, and bribed her to procure for me these further proofs of your infidelity.

Car. *(taking the single letter.)* May I believe my eyes? Why this is the hand-writing of my cousin, Caroline Sedley.

Lady G. Your cousin, Sir!

Sir D. *(aside.)* Here's a pretty scrape!

Car. I have a fac-simile in my pocket. *(reads.)* "My dearest Damon."

Sir D. My dear Captain Bronze, I beg—

Lady G. Don't interrupt him, Sir Damon.

Car. "I can bear suspense no longer.—I "have hastened to fall into your arms."—

Sir D. *(aside.)* I wish you'd fallen into the Thames.

Car. "The bearer will conduct you to me. "Break for ever the cruel fetters that confine

"you; and let us fly to some blest retreat, "sacred to pure unencumbered love."

"Rosalinda."

I am thunderstruck.—

Sir D. So am I, upon my soul.

Car. The honour of my family must be vindicated. Gabriel!

Enter GABRIEL.

Gab. Yes, Sir. *(Caroline whispers him.)*

Sir D. What the plague is he at now?

Gab. *(to Car.)* Very well, Sir.—Shall I bring the holster ones, or the little ticklers?

Car. Both.—Let the baronet have selection.

Gab. Very well, Sir. [*Exit.*

Sir D. *(aside.)* Oh! curse it! this is worse than the kettle drums.

Grin. *(aside.)* I tell you all your sins would tomble down upon your head.

Sir D. Leave the room, you bear.

Grin. Yaw! I order de carriage that you may ron away from the little tickler. [*Exit.*

Enter GABRIEL.

Gab. Your cousin, Miss Caroline, Sir, has just been inquiring after Sir Damon; and *(to Car.)* the moment she found you were here, Sir, she went away.

Car. Then I must follow her immediately. Attend me, Gabriel.

[*Exit, followed by Gabriel.*

Sir D. *(glancing at Lady G. with a look of great contrition.)* Lady Gayland! Angelina!

(aside.) What a treasure has my curst vanity lost me! But if I should fall—if one of his ticklers should prove fatal, respect my memory—Don't let any of these young fellows hurry you into a second—

Lady G. You are too late in your injunctions on that subject, Sir.—The captain has the promise of my reversion in case of any accident.

Sir D. The devil he has! Then he'll murder me beyond all doubt.—I'm a miserable man.

Enter GRINVELT.

Grin. Here is one of de Staff, come.—

Sir D. One of the Staff?—Who the devil is he?

Grin. He is a grate pig Irishman.

Enter M'LARY.

M'Lar. Lieutenant M'Lary, at your service.—I presume I have the honour of speaking to Sir Damon Gayland.

Sir D. At your service, Sir. *(aside.)*—One of the Bronze party, by his face.

M'Lar. (advancing to Lady G.) A fair lady, by St. Patrick.—Madam, be pleased to accept my devoirs.—I have the honour to kiss your ladyship's fair hand.

Sir D. *(impatient.)* Lieutenant M'Lary, that is my wife.—

M'Lar. Don't mention that, Sir Damon. It makes no difference to me in the world.—

Sir D. (aside.) No, I dare say, nor to any of you.

M'Lar. 'Tis, Sir, on account of another fair lady, who I hope is not your wife, that I have taken the liberty of waiting on you.—As far as I can make out, Sir Damon, you know something of Miss Caroline Sedley.

Sir D. I understand you, Sir; you're another of her cousins, I suppose, and you're to fight me about her too.

M'Lar. With all my heart, Sir.—I was not quite clear what was to be the nature of my business with you; but if that is the way I'm to win the lady, I'll ask no more questions, because it's the very thing I'd set my heart upon.

Enter GRINVELT.

Grin. Here is two more of de Staff come.

Sir D. Let 'em come, Sir.—I have no hope left in this world, and the whole troop are welcome to attack me.

Grin. Walk in, you dere, if you please. [*Exit.*

Enter PLOD *and* MISS UMBRAGE.

Plod. Your most obedient, Mr. Sir Damon Gayland.—I'm come to you, Sir, about a young lady

Sir D. Very well, Sir.—What, you're her uncle, I suppose, or—

Plod. No, Sir, I'm her guardian.

Sir D. Aye, it's all the same.—Well, Sir,

have you got somebody ready to second you?

Plod. To second me?—Yes.—I brought this lady on purpose, being rather genteeler spoken than I am.

Miss U. The step the lady has taken, Sir, has committed my character.—I have been most essentially her guardian—The guardian of her morals and understanding.

Sir D. Then, Madam, your character is committed indeed; for, allow me to say, you've taken damn'd bad care of both.

Plod. (to her.) There, you see, every body says so. But I hope there's nothing wrong, Sir. I hope, as your son has thought fit to run away with her, he'll settle every thing in a lawful way.

Sir D. My son, Sir!

M'Lar. I'll answer for him, ould Plod.

Plod. Oh! you're here, are you?

M'Lar. I rather conceive, Sir Damon, I know more of this business than you. And tho' mine is not the country for explanations, you'll see I'll make the whole matter as clear as whisky.—Your son, Sir, with my assistance, has run away with this gentleman's ward.

Sir D. He has, Eh?

Plod. I'm very much oblig'd to you, Sir, I'm sure.

Sir D. And pray, Sir, who is this gentleman?

Plod. Jeffry Plod, Sir, formerly of the Minories, in the tatoe line.

Sir D. A potatoe merchant! Here's a pretty connection—the young hypocrite—this is his filial affection, then—Sir, he may succeed

you in your warehouse, if he likes—I disown him. I'll discard him! He couldn't have chosen a worse time to offend me.—I have vexation enough already—and am not in the humour to bear any more.

Plod. I said so—This comes of his family and connections.

M'Lar. Never mind, old Plod;—follow Sir Damon's advice—Let 'em have the potatoe trade, and I'll get them the contract for the Irish militia.

Sir D. Here comes this little dragon again.

Enter CAROLINE.

M'Lar. Ah! my little friend, at last. Now for my business.

Car. Lady Gayland, I have seen this deluded girl; and her story should only increase your indignation against Sir Damon.—His perfidy is greater than you can imagine; and you must insist on an immediate separation.

Lady G. I'm resolv'd, Sir.

Sir D. No such thing, Sir,—It's in vain to talk, Lady Gayland.—I can't part with you—It would break my heart—You are my only comfort—I love nobody on earth but you—I shall love you as long as I live—Say you forgive me—Say you won't leave me, and I'll fight Captain Bronze, Lieutenant M'Lary, and the whole staff—only say, pray say, you'll never leave me.

Lady G. Well, Sir, on one condition—

Sir D. Any conditions.

Lady G. First then, that you acknowledge

this lady and gentleman as your son and daughter.

Enter EDGAR *and* EMILY.

Sir D. Is that all?

Edg. My dear father!

Sir D. Spare your speeches—I forgive you—There take my blessing. 'Tis the condition of my bond of peace with the best of women, and you may thank her for accepting it.

Edg. (*aside to her.*) A thousand thanks!—You have, indeed, fulfill'd your promise.

Plod. (*to Miss U.*) Well, and if that's the case, we'll say, Heaven bless them too.

Miss U. Yes, let them have our benediction by all means.

Edg. My dearest Emily. (*they retire.*)

M'Lar. (*aside.*) Now I'd be glad to know what the devil business is all this of mine.—By the powers, I'm completely thrown out of the ranks.

Car. Is this your sole condition, Madam?

Lady G. No, Sir.

Sir D. Name the rest, then, Angelina.

Lady G. Promise never to offend again.

Sir D. I do, I do, from the bottom of my heart!

(*Sir Damon kneels and kisses her hand,—a general laugh—Sir Damon confused.*)

Lady G. My dear Caroline, now I triumph indeed.

Sir D. & *M'Lar.* } Caroline!

Car. Captain Bronze and Rosalinda, in the

single person of Lady Gayland's old friend and school-fellow, Caroline Sedley.

M'Lar. By St. Pat, then I'm in a hopeful way here.

Sir D. Why it's all a joke then?

Car. It is, Sir Damon: but a joke that I hope has taught you never to risk again the solid happiness of a British fire-side affection, for the dangerous and vapid gallantry of vanity or dissipation.

Sir D. It has, it has, my dear Rosalinda, and I'm sure I shall always be grateful for the lesson.--But who the devil is Lieutenant M'Lary?—He's not a young lady too, is he?

M'Lar. No, Sir Damon, but he's a still greater prodigy—A native of Coleraine, that hasn't yet learnt the difference between a pretty girl, and a light horseman.—But as Miss Caroline has given you a lesson on that subject, perhaps she'll condescend to give me another.

Car. Lieutenant M'Lary, you have proved your title to all the service I can render you, and henceforth you are my commander in chief. *(gives him her hand.)*

M'Lar. And may I never bang an enemy again, if I disgrace the appointment. I'm only sorry, Sir Damon, our little engagement seems likely to be put off for the present, but any other time——

Sir D. Any other time will suit me just as well.

Enter GRINVELT.

Well, Sir, another of the staff?

Grin. Yaw—one Mr. Surfeit mos speak to somebody.

Sir D. Mr. Surfeit.—

Enter SURFEIT. [*Exit* Grinvelt.

Surf. Never mind, I won't stand upon ceremony—I want to speak to Miss Sedley.

M'Lar. Here she is, what may be your business?

Surf. Zounds! what the little trooper!

M'Lar. Yes, Tommy, and as you were so civil as to resign your pretensions—the little trooper has consented to become Mrs. M'Lary.

Car. (*imitating him.*) He's a bit of a quiz, but he's an honest fellow, you know—Eh? Recommend him, will you?

Surf. I'm had again.

Emi. (*to him.*) You overlook the rest of your friends.

Surf. (*aside.*) Zounds!—it must be a conspiracy—I wish you all a good morning.

Plod. Hark ye, Mr. Tom Surfeit, if you particularly want a wife, and one that will help you study the law, here's your learned friend very much at your service.

Miss U. Mr. Plod!—

Surf. Sir, I'll indict you for an assault, and my learned friend for aiding, comforting, and abetting;—so prepare your defence, Sir,—for the whole Inner Temple will be retained in behalf of an injured member of their honourable society. [*Exit.*

Enter GABRIEL.

Gab. Any more orders, captain? There's the carriage waiting, Sir Damon.

Sir D. You may put it up.

Car. Sir Damon's a great deal better.
(a laugh.)

Sir D. Now don't laugh.

Car. Never mind, Sir Damon.—I shall soon resume a character that better becomes me. Yet, if zealously to serve a friend, be no less the soldier's pride, than bravely to encounter an enemy, Captain Bronze may hope, that though his sabre is yet unstained, his regimentals are not dishonoured.

FINALE.

Car.— Come, now, since no motive of quarrel have we,
Let us bid animosities fly ;—
Sir D.— I'm sure I'm as happy as mortal can be ;
M'Lar.— So am I—
Edgar.— So am I—
Plod.— So am I—
Lady G.—Then brighten'd with smiles of good humour and glee,
While frolic and pleasure abound !
We shall all be as happy as mortals can be,
If here our good humour goes round.
All.— Then brighten'd with smiles, &c.
Edgar.— Auspicious hour !—secure my fair,
Now welcome joy—now hence despair !
Edg. & Emily. Henceforth may we ever prove,
The joys of wedded mutual love.
And brighten'd with smiles, &c.
M'Lar.— Love and war can never jar,
Fighting sweetens kissing—
Gab.— Yes, where there's known too much of one,
T'other's seldom missing.
Lady G.—Yet our festive mirth to crown—
Yet to chase each lurking frown ;
Sir Damon must, unless you hinder,
Lead the dance with Rosalinda.
Then brighten'd with smiles, &c.

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